

CORRESPONDENT SAWYER TELLS WHAT IT MEANS TO BE ON A GOLD RUSH SHIP

(Editor's Note—We told you the other day of The Day Book expedition to Alaska; that we had started STAFF WRITER E. O. SAWYER for that great American empire of the Northwest, first to join the GREAT GOLD stampede to the new Shushanna diggings and then to visit the great coal mines which Uncle Sam will probably develop himself. The following is Sawyer's first letter, written aboard the steamer which was carrying him north.)

B. O. E. Sawyer.

Juneau, Alaska, Aug. 21.—For four nights and three days we have steamed north towards Cordova, the entrance to the country where the great Alaska gold stampede is on.

Then our steamer turned into this port for a business call and so I am able to mail this letter.

I want to tell the readers of The Day Book what it means to be aboard a "gold rush" ship; how these men and women passengers with the gold fever bug manage to exist during the trip.

We are not all tenderfeet. Indeed, it is "old stuff" to most of the men. Pioneers of the North are they, who, having spent their roll in "the states," are hurrying back to annex another "poke" (Alaskan for purse of gold dust) in this new Shushanna district to which we are all hastening.

Down in the salon A. D. Nash, a husky giant, who admits being in on every stampede since 1897, is teaching the wife of T. T. Lane, another old-timer, how to make a gill net to snare fish in shallow streams. Mrs. Lane is making her first trip to Alaska and, in the language of the North, she is a "cheechaco" (pronounced cheechawker), which is Indian for tenderfoot.

But not everybody are stampeders.

Occupying the best state rooms are half a dozen Eastern men with their

wives. They are after gold, too, but will take their's coined, thank you. There is a coal baron who thinks perhaps Uncle Sam will let him get a strangle hold on some of those fine coal lands in Southeastern Alaska; a man who netted a few millions making wood pulp paper and has heard of those magnificent pulp wood forests in our Northern empire; a Boston banker who is on his way to look over some gold mines, and other lesser financial lights.

Among the women aboard are half a dozen school teachers returning North from their vacation trips and three bedazzling creatures who admit having "mushed" (Indian for travel) from dance hall to dance hall on many an Alaska stampede. These three and a cabaret songstress from Seattle make things hum in the vicinity of the piano. They are also going to the new digging on the Shushanna.

Then there's a man aboard who is taking a cow to the gold fields of Shushanna. Cows are scarce in Alaska and milk is worth its bulk in other food in winter. Says the owner of the cow:

"I've mined from Dawson to Nome and I'm going in right. Take this cow. When the icy days of December come she will be fresh and every quart of her milk will be worth big money.

"The best part of it is if there is a slump in the milk market I can put my supply in cold storage. All I have to do is to set the new milk outside and let it freeze, then dip the bucket in water long enough to thaw the frozen milk loose from the pail. I can stack the blocks of milk in the snow where it will keep all winter. Whenever I want a glass all I have to do is to break off a hunk."

Hark to the story an old miner aboard tells about the Swede who stampeded to Nome from Dawson in